BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1934

FROM "STRANGE SPLENDOR"

This that is I has not been I forever;
Once it was pearl or spider, flame or fly.
Nature's destination is endeavor:
There is no dust that beauty will let die.

—*Ernest Hartsock*

Vol. VIII. No. 2

B O Z A R T

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Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

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Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

Mrs. E. Bates Block, Town Chairman (Atlanta), Colonial Dames of America, offers a cash prize of $25.00 for the best sonnet published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. J. B. Francis Hereshoff, an official of the Atlanta Womans Club, and affectionately remembered as Irma Grey Ridley, of Huntsville, Alabama, offers the "Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize" of $25.00 for the best poem on a tree or trees, published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

(For other prizes, see inside of back cover)

(Contents continued)

ON SEEING AN ORIGINAL POE MANUSCRIPT
Carroll Van Court 33

UNCERTAIN PARLEY
Irene Wilde 33

GRANDMOTHERS
Lou Agnes Reynolds 33

WHEN GOD MADE TREES
Dorothy Wheless Anderson .. 34

THE CASTLE THAT DID NOT FALL *Buena Sowell* ... 35

AUTUMN MOON
John Allen Heath 35

FOUR POEMS
Frances Forbes 36

ON A GRAY DAY
Louis Hasley 39

THE FIRST READING LESSON
Kate Porter Lewis 39

TO A STUDENT NURSE
Michael Largay 39

BARTER
Irma Nabors Johnson 38

Reunion, Sons of Confederate Veterans, *Wightman F. Melton* 48

PIANO GIRL
William Patterson 50

COLD NIGHT
Charlene Underwood 50

I'VE WATCHED THE WILLOW TREE, *Daisy Moore Bynum* .. 50

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Contents, November-December, 1934

EDITOR'S SALON 2
WIVES OF HENRY VIII
B. Y. Williams 3
MEMORABILIA
Marjorie Avalon 6
AESTHETE
Henri Meyer 8
FLIGHT
Peter De Vries 9
WANDERLUST
Ruth Forbes Sherry 9
SEA
Jessie Wilmore Murton 10
PALE CHURCHES
James E. Warren, Jr. 11
HOW MANY TIMES
Stanton A. Coblentz 11
ARLINGTON IN NOVEMBER
Paul H. Oehser 12
VIRGINIA WINTER
D. Schmadeke Young 12
WINTER SONNET
Russell St. Claire Smith 13
WILD WIND
Antoinette Maher 13
LONG AFTER SUMMER
Willodine Cranford 14
DECEMBER SPRING
Charlene B. Underwood 14
DANCE OF LEAVES
Elsie Fry Laurence 15
IRRELEVANCE
Eunice Thomson 15
LOVE IN MEMORY
Edith Tatum 16
ONLY THE NIGHT
Catherine E. Berry 16
EMBERS AT DUSK
Katherine E. Linck 17
WINTER SYMPHONY
Katherine Buoy 17
TRYST
Nora Hefley Mahon 18
NIGHT
Gien Esse 18
OLD WOOD IS BEST FOR BURNING *Amy Lee Spencer* 19
O LIGHT ME A LAMP
Edith Fulton 19
O MIGHTY SEA
Georgina Bole King 20
HARBOR OF THE GLAD RETURNING *Laura M. Gradick* 20
SEA MADNESS
Ruth Genevieve Van Horn 21
ADMISSION
Harriett Scott Olinick 21
THE STREAM RUNS FREE
Frances R. Angus 22
HOKKU
Muriel Jeffries Hurd 22
I SHALL FIND BEAUTY
Sawney Rowe 23
MOMENTS IN MUSIC
Keith Thomas 23
ETERNAL DREAM
Craig Scots Romaine 24
AT LEAF-FALL
Otto Freund 24
OLD TREES
Helen Frazee-Bower 25
LOW FIRE
Andrew Hewitt 25
ENGLISH 408
Margaret Matthews 26
AIRY NOTHINGS
Legarde S. Doughty 27
DUST
Frances Elliott 27
COVENANT
Winifred Gray Stewart 28
RAIN PHANTASY
Camille Du Barry 28
WHITE LAMP
E. Ernest Murrell 29
AUTUMN TREES
Walter Benton 29
TREES
Virginia Eaton 30
HARMONY
Lillian M. Pierce 30
SYCAMORES
Alice Cathey 30
NAKED TREES
Dorothy Callaway 31
JEANNE D'ARC SPEAKS
Florence Wilson Roper 31
HILLS OF THE DESERT
Gien Esse 31
SHAKESPEARE
Julia Boynton Green 32
THE DANCE OF THE TREES
Eveline Nutter 32

(Continued Inside Front Cover)

The Editor's Salon

Are poets work-shy?

A few months ago an editorial in THE LITERARY DIGEST declared, "If there is ONE THING modern poets dislike more than another, it is work." Here is the DIGEST editorial in full:

WORK-SHY POETS

IF THERE IS ONE THING modern poets dislike more than another, it is work.

The conviction was forced upon an English writer when he began hunting through anthologies to find how the poets wrote about work.

"You might read through several anthologies of modern verse," writes Robert Lynd in the *News-Chronicle* (London), "without gathering from their contents that any human being ever did a day's work in his life."

He fancies posterity, judging by the collections, would think "we spent our entire lives watching birds, looking at daffodils, gazing at the sky, meditating on things in general, with a little love thrown in." Also that "all the factories, shops and offices had been closed till further notice."

Kipling, of course, must be excepted from this indictment:

"Mr. Kipling writes as if he really enjoyed watching other people working. He has sung the praises, not only of soldiers and seamen, but of the engineer, and of that honest toiler, the subeditor. Has he not written in honor of the wage-slaves:

> Men like to Gods who do the work
> For which they draw the wage?

"But apart from Mr. Kipling, what living poet is there who would not rather look at a lesser spotted woodpecker than at a coal-heaver?

"It is true that Mr. Laurence Binyon and one or two other poets admit and applaud the existence of such people as builders; but, so far as the bulk of modern poetry is concerned, we might as well be living in the industrial conditions of the Stone Age.

"Now, I am not one of those who believe that poetry should abandon the old themes—love, sorrow, war, and the beauty of a world lit by sun and moon and stars. I heard a young Communist poet arguing the other day that poets should cease to write about these things and write instead about machinery and social organization. I do not agree with him. If I must choose between sparking-plugs and roses, I will vote for roses.

(Continued on Page Forty)

B. Y. WILLIAMS

OHIO

The Wives of Henry VIII of England

Catherine of Aragon

I—Catherine of Aragon—have lain
Long, long within a chilly northern tomb.
A child, I sailed to meet an unknown groom,
High-purposed duty surging in my brain,
Nor ever saw my own loved land again.
To fail in every mission was my doom!
But Isabella's child, through starkest gloom
Swerved not from loyalty to Church and Spain.

Ah, true it is that princes marry not
For love, but only that more kings be bred.
Girls offered in the royal marriage marts
Are merely pawns who may not choose their lot.
Great dynasties are monsters often fed
With broken hopes and starved and cheated hearts.

Anne Boleyn

The French Court taught me much; my sister's shame
Was thrust upon me; I was made to know
That "but a knight for father" ranks too low
For mating with an earl's son. Whose the blame
If I, desired of Henry, played a game
Of bargaining! I scorned each erstwhile foe,
Demanded all my lover could bestow,
And ruled a people that abhorred my name!

Brief, brief my triumph — — — Subtle things combine
To sway the favor of a king. No plea
Could save me, once beloved, from bloody death.
Yet through the centuries this boast is mine—
Two glorious children had their birth from me,
The Church of England, and Elizabeth.

Jane Seymour

No dower of royalty was mine to bring,
No beauty and no sparkling cleverness;
But when a man is sated to excess
With these things, he may still be famishing
For sympathy and all his thoughts may cling
To simple joys. Should my acclaim be less
Because I had but small ways to express
My heart's devotion to my sovereign king!

Ah, God was good to me and let me give
To Henry what he wanted most on earth—
A son. *Te Deums* sounded through the land!
Great bonfires flamed! And I who could not live
To rear the infant I had given birth,
Passed happy, having served my lord's demand.

Ann of Cleves

I think I fared the best of all his queens—
It was humiliating, truth to say,
To be discarded in such casual way;
But lands and manors help, a pension means
Security; and she is wise who gleans
Such benefits and comforts as she may.
My valley of the Rhine was far away———
I found content among calm English scenes.

"No better than a Flanders Mare", he said;
I was "too gross" to please his practiced eye,
"Too slack of the breast, too heavy in the limb"—
Unpleasant—but through all I kept my head—
He was the king, so I made no reply
Nor ever told my thoughts concerning him!

Kathryn Howard

I did not think to be the queen—ah, no!
I was their choice because my blood was warm,
Because bright youth was mine, and beauty's charm.
The king was sad; I, therefore, must bestow
My gifts to set his aging heart aglow.
For me the task was easy to perform—
My freshness whipped his zest, impelled a storm
Of vibrant music in his pulse grown slow.

Alas! though queen, I loved my lover still;
There crept at length a subtle whispering,
And all my world joined in the hue and cry!
Untrue? Nay, I was true to life's great thrill—
No ill had I intended to the king — — —
"Not twenty yet" is very young to die!

Katherine Parr

Life baffled him; although he was the king
The happiness he sought forever fled
His avid grasp. I pitied him—but dread
Assailed my heart when he came offering
His hand to me. It was a fearsome thing
To gaze in retrospect upon his dead!
I tried to think on his great need instead,
His children and their want of mothering.

But oh, I could not dissipate their gloom—
Embittered Mary, small Elizabeth
And pallid Edward—they were Tudors all.
When troubled Henry rested in his tomb
I turned from this strange interval of death
Back to the love that waited my recall.

OHIO —*B. Y. WILLIAMS*

Memorabilia

Oh, sweet nostalgic waywardness of thought,
And tenderly remote, and surely kind,
With sense eluding prison of a word,
But captured in the quiet of a mind.

PRELURE

1

Most tortuous and slow this vague desent.
Dull heart! It is not gallant to assuage
Your apethetic grief with velvet words.
Confront the truth! If fortitude sustain
The armored arrogance of youthful hope,
Then it is well. But never wear the drab
Of sheer defeat. Despise the passionless.
I ask no eagerness to grow from pain;
But dare to brave the labyrinthian maze
In wild intensity of rigid fear.
The meteor which swift defiance hurls
Will cleave this moonless dark.

2

Out of my compassion I must speak:
You strangled beauty in your doubt.
Wherefore I bid you go and seek
Assaugement in the wind. About
Disaster let there flourish dream
The pristine wonder you betrayed
Was starry truth, wherefore redeem
Its peace, and be no more afraid.

3

I held this wistful innocence through days
When I was forced to go the narrow ways
Of little sky. If there were enemies,
I paused intrepidly and went unharmed.
I who conceived no bitterness disarmed
Whatever foe I met and would not seize
And always I have quested lovliness
At price of comfort, knowing her caress

My only strength. Intangibly I wear
Her standard on my brow, and undismayed,
I face the path which ugly fears invade;
My faith is stronger: even they forbear.

4

I say but little, being quite aware
How if I spoke, it were to sound a note
More rightly prisoned in the narrow threat
Than cast intemperately upon the air.

But carefully withheld I brood on words
Unstereotyped as sunlight, grave as dusk.
And faintly redolent of poignant musk.
A cry to startle treble of the birds.

No wild betrayal wracks this fervid thing,
Since only mind denies the bounds you set.
And only heart knows love it must forget.
And only silent mouth desires to sing.

Therefore if I were wise, I should prevent
The sharp recurrence of this stifled grief,
Nor snffer the unwarranted belief
That I encounter faint acknowledgement.

But who avows that love was ever wise?
And not unbeautiful this ache of need
That hope deserted in the thwarted seed.
And darkly sweet the pain of this disguise.

5

Within yourself you know me, say no more.
For each of us the shadow of a door
Beyond our contemplation. We have heard
The dying note of mirth. The silent word
That quickens in another's breast must be
Forever as the fitful elegy
Of very life: and where the tranquil sky
Has arched diffusive music, you and I
Were reconciled. Tomorrow or today,
The same, a changeful vari-colored spray

Of crystals in the sun. And yet for each
The isolation of a height to reach
By starlight, pinnacle of life and death
To mount by slow degree and painful breath
Where there is neither brightness, warmth, nor man
But only mind's austere meridian.

ILLINOIS —MARJORIE AVALON

Aesthete

Ramases III. was standing outside of Memphis.

On a hill outside of Memphis he stood
And critically gazed down his hooked yellow nose
At his slaves laboring—rolling into place
One of the massive columns of the temple.

As the whips of the drivers cracked,
The columns rose majestically
And rolled into their place.
They rolled into their place and there they stayed—
These gigantic pillars:

Sky-blue backgrounds inlaid with fishes and beasts and birds,
White daisies and blue thistles,
Royal insignia in delicate greens and brilliant reds and magnificent violets.

A rising pillar, even so adorned,
Soared upwards under the colossal efforts of those laboring under the lash:
Then suddenly, when nearly perpendicular,
A moment it tottered—
Then plunged to earth
Upon those straining under the whip—and those wielding it.

Rameses III. was standing outside of Memphis—
And critically looking down his hooked yellow nose,
He admired his work of art.

COLORADO —HENRI MEYER

Flight

There, west they are—a penciled line of fowl
Scrawling farewell on this too northern sky.
And like a stern monk's face, under a cowl
Of grey clouds frowns November as they fly.
Each little wing, part of that patterned wedge
Itself a Wing, plied tirelessly to find
A land for birds unzestful save for sedge
Along a warmer marsh, leaves this behind.
They leave us shuddering here, chill hearts still meant
To walk with Want on barren hills of Wrong.
Then cry, transcendent Heart of these hearts blent,
That You some dawn will go, straight as a song,
To find some south of Plenty and of Peace.

ILLINOIS —PETER DE VRIES

Wanderlust

Now on the edge of ocean's tilted rim,
With wings wide like a homing albatross,
A weathred clipper vanishes. The grim
Night hours have flung a sable cloak across
The gallant topsail, limned against the sky.
I watch the sober guise of wanderlust
Kindle your pensive face; I hear you sigh;
I know your heart has ventured—go you must.

Often the desert burns with fevered drouth.
Wild rattle-dance and prayer to Rain God fail.
So I desire your kiss upon my mouth.
But thogh I cannot see you through the veil
Of bitterest tears, and grief of parting rack
My stricken heart—I would not call you back.

CALIFORNIA —RUTH FORBES SHERRY

Sea

"And the gathering together of the waters called He seas." Gen. 1:10

This mystery of blue translucency!
Forever tossing, in a vague unrest!
Moaning, and murmuring, unceasingly,
The failure of some strange and futile quest!
One called it sea...whose tones of majesty,
Above the chaos of the primal birth,
Out to the reaches of eternity
Thundered the advent of the new-born earth!

Sea!...Beautiful beyond all artistry
Of brush or pen to limn, of voice to sing!
Trailing the white-wreathed spindrift, gracefully
Behind the flying keel! Kissing the wing
Of gull and albatross!...Or angrily—
And dark-browed—whipping the keen-fanged froth
Against the cloven sky's intensity!
Tearing...and maiming... all that makes it wroth!

Sea!... Ever changing, yet unchangeable!
Luring the husbandman from cot and field,
And branding him with thirst insatiable,
With strange sea hunger that shall no more yield
To earth's warm spell—to spring's sweet burgeoning,
White arms, the peace of acres brown and wide—
But, born of wave and wind's unreasoning,
Goes ever seeking...and unsatisfied!

One called it sea! This weird green mystery—
And set its one love high, white, and apart—
Who, only, understands the fixity,
And fickleness, of that wild restless heart
Whose tides of passion for a pale dead moon,
And yearning for her silver chastity,
Chant on forever, through their rythmic rune,
The epic of His immortality!

MICHIGAN —JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

Pale Churches

Now must I turn, profane and ostracized,
From out the tulips' flaming tabernacles,
A heretic to all such faith as shackles,
My eyes to earthly worship. I who prized
The promise in the litanies of sparrows,
Who bowed to autumn's vestments, and who knew
The virgin sacrement of dust and dew,
Bend low before the hot Assyrian arrows.

For since dark grief had reared its heathen bars
Against sweet temples where I may not go now
To kiss the candelabra of the stars,
I worship lyric gods that I may know now
Whose silver-lipped apostles journey from
The tall pale churches of delirium.

GEORGIA —JAMES E. WARREN, JR.

How Many Times

How many times have men, in raw Novembers,
Wept at the flutter of the last red leaf,
Mourning that hope expires like dead wood-embers
And life and loveliness are autumn-brief!

How many times, when clouds of bashful flowers
Dappled the new-green slopes with puffs of white,
Have men, beneath the budding forest towers,
Laughed in the resurrected April light!

How many times! Then why has spring's revival
No charm to hush the old disconsolate sighs
Of some who, in the mounded snow's arrival,
Read the dark ending of all earths and skies?

NEW YORK —STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Arlington in November

Now, in the fall, this place is loveliest,
And saddest too, when through these rows of stones
The brown leaves drop, flutter, and come to rest,
And summer seeks interment with these bones.
We who see these flowers die from May to May
Want no grim photographs of war's fierce hell;
To us who pass these acres every day
One unknown tomb tells all there is to tell.

Quick, winter, come and lay your blankets white
Upon these still-green graves . . O quick, before
This autumn flush becomes too gay and bright,
And we should not remember any more;
And freeze the earth's heart with your icy rain:
If it should wake, O strike it dead with pain.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —PAUL H. OEHSER

Virginia Winter

(Fom the Window of a Passing Train.)

Today, along the country-side,
I saw the ghost of Spring, who died
Six months ago.

It was not winter; all around
Tall grasses gleamed. I saw the ground
Devoid of snow.

Like crystal plumes, the twigs were cased
In fragile glass; ice blossoms graced
Bud swollen tips.

Spring's phantom draped in cold grey light
Welcomed the quiet winter night
With frozen lips.

NEW YORK —D. SCHMADEKE YOUNG

Winter Sonnet

Blow, Winter! Spill thy sharp arpeggios
Of silver frost upon the twisted boughs.
Grass seed shall throb beneath the drifted snows
With rare, rhapsodic rhythms till they rouse
Attuned to swifter wings, to swifter hoofs
Than yours that chill the air, that freeze the earth,
Be generous with music on the roofs
Of slumbering lovers. Laugh thy white lips' worth
Across the prisoned north. Toss crystal on
The emerald firs. (Their arias are jade!)
Belt twilight with your love and girdle dawn
With silent snow-words, that your longing made.
Blow, Winter, blow with all your passion's power,
But snuff the moon—let darkness have this hour.

FLORIDA —RUSSELL ST. CLAIRE SMITH

Wild Wind

The vagrant, languid breeze is gone.
The wind is raging tonight
And while it rushes madly,
My love lies frail and white.

I used to love the wild wind,
But it maddens me tonight.
My heart cries out for the soft breeze
For my love, so frail and white.

My love lies frail and white, Wind,
Frailer than yesterday.
Oh, be not so wild in your flight, Wind
Lest you blow her soul away!

NEW YORK ANTOINETTE MAHER

Long After Summer

Long after summer went, there was a flower,
I heard a bird that sang far in the night,
I heard it! No one else could ever say
It was their song! Was some wild flight
Of south-turned wings retarded just for me?
For I was sure a bird sang in November
Some little lilting sounds of ecstasy.
(Dearest, across the years, hear and remember.)

Long after summer went, there was a flower,
Ghost-white upon a night of white moon-fire,
Warm harbinger of a remoter hour
When August flamed with bloom. It was too dire,
Too swift, the blow that thrust me to this plight
Groping for summer on an autumn night.

ALABAMA —WILLODINE CRANFORD

December Spring

A day so warm and sweet as this
Should never come in wan December;
Moist and tender as a May-day,
When young love is at its hey-day,
Mad as March, a sun-warm kiss,
Arturus caught in dreams of bliss,—
Mid winter pausing to remember.

So must it be when one grows old,
And life has lost its vernal flower;
A long forgotten name will bring
A breath of rose, a touch of spring,
And withered lips will curve to smile,
Remembering to be young awhile,—
Though only for one little hour.

TEXAS —CHARLENE B. UNDERWOOD

Dance of Leaves

Lazily danced the yellow leaves.
(One round before we go)
Oh, how good to feel the sun!
Brother, we're falling, one by one.
(Was there a scent of snow?)

The north wind whistled them out of sleep
(Not so fast a tune!)
Brother, there's snow upon your breath,
And in your voice is a note of death.
(Is it so long since June?)

Swiftly danced the yellow leaves,
So bright against the sky.
Do not hurry us. Wind, they say,
All too short is an autumn day,
Why must our beauty die?

Little enough cares the wild north wind
As he hurries them on their way:
Crookedly shines the waning moon,
And as each will come to their dancing soon
With the end of an autumn day.

CANADA —ELSIE FRY LAURENCE

Irrelevance

Today I knew I liked your hair.
(Your woes were never mine before,
But now—how strange it is to care!)
Today I knew I liked your hair,
And so somehow I cannot bear
That grief should touch you any more.
Today I knew I liked your hair;
I never noticed it before.

GEORGIA —EUNICE THOMSON

Love in Memory

This crisp, bright-blue November day,
My path leads on
Through woods where winds and birds sing praise
In unison.

The happy trees crowd near, arrayed
In painted leaves
Of every flaming, golden tint
Nature conceives.

But spite of autumn's loveliness,
Lavish and rare,
My heart could hold no echoed word
Of thankful prayer.

For all my thoughts returned along
A beaten trail
To years when I had dreamed your love
Could never fail.

Pierced me with pain....
Together we will never hear
The thrush again!

But something in its melody
Poignantly cries:
"Sing praise for love in memory...
That never dies."
Then suddenly a thrush's song

ALABAMA —EDITH TATUM

Only The Night

Only the silent night shall know
How sad the hours and long,
Only the wind in sympathy,
Shall sing a wistful song.

Only the stars shall see my tears,
And know my lonely heart,
I shall be brave when dawn appears,
And play a stoic's part.

KENTUCKY —KATHERINE E. BERRY

Embers at Dusk

The fire burns low. The leaping play
Of brilliant blaze and dancing spark
Has dimmed and paled, and died away
Into the dark.

The scorching, searing, white-hot flame
That burned with a still heat, has spent
Itself. So hot rebellion came
To me, and went.

The blaze that twisted in its strife—
Consuming, devastating all—
Is like my spendthrift fire of life,
Where charred coals fall.

No more a fierce and withering blaze
That leaps to rend my soul apart,
It glows beneath the soft smoke haze,
Warm in my heart.

Beneath the ashes of old dreams
A bed of living embers lies,
And softly stirs in fitful gleams—
Love never dies.

CALIFORNIA —KATHERINE E. LINCK

Winter Symphony

The falling sleet drums rythmically
With silken sibilance of sound.
The beating drops of frozen rain
Weld crusts of white upon the ground.

And leaves incased in sheathing ice
Wave batons from half-naked trees,
Directing elfin orchestras
In tiny, tinkling harmonies.

OREGON —KATHERINE BUOY

Tryst

Far off is heard
the wailing of a flute.
It is my Love
among the willow trees.
I must away....
his heart is calling me.
O feet, move swiftly
while the moon is hid!

The sobbing music
clutches at the wind.
The plain breeds terror
with its crouching sage
And cacti like tall spirits
of the dark;
I hear the night-birds
crying near the stream.

The yellowed tepees
sleep beneath the sky
Like aged women
fallen in a heap.
I hold a fear
that serpents' slithering lengths
May stretch across the path
where I must creep.

I come, my love....
O stars, burn bright and long!
I must return ere
dawn-birds wake in song.

TEXAS —NORA HEFLEY MAHON

Night

Flourinshing his purple cloak
Night comes over the western fields;
With the new moon a shining silver feather
In his cap of darkness.

CALIFORNIA —GIEN ESSE

O Light Me a Lamp

I ventured forth as the cold day waned,
And the sycamore stood bare
With branches intricately veined
Against the slate-gray air.

I came alone to the silent wood
In the stark December weather
Where not a bloom-bent stem has stood
For suns and suns together.

The night drifts down with somber wings
Like a huge, portentous bird,
While someone far and lonely sings
A song I never heard.

And what was fruit is but a husk
Outwitting the wily frost:
O light me a lamp in the wintry dusk
With love—for I am lost!

FLORIDA —*EDITH FULTON*

Old Wood is Best for Burning

Old wood is best for burning.
Its flame is sure and slow;
it has no acrid yearning
to leaf and flower and grow.
Green wood is full of memories
of sun and wind and dew;
Old wood, in branching flame trees
forgets how green it grew.
Green wood will smoke the rafter
or stain the ceiling brown.
Old wood with crackling laughter
will burn the chimney down.

NEW YORK —AMY LEE SPENCER

O Mighty Sea

You make me seem so very small, oh sea,
I listen to a timeless melody
And long to lose my little self, to glide
Into the vastness of your ebbing tide.

I cannot understand your deafening roar,
The echoes that forever hem your shore,
I listen, listen through the purple night
And strive to learn the secret of your might.
But I must cringe before so grand a song

And stay upon the edge where I belong,
You are the poet of all time and space,
And I can only envy you such grace.

Roll on, oh mighty sea, the word you speak
Has lifted me upon the moment's peak,
And what I am and what I mean to be
Are merged with your triumphant symphony.

PENNSYLVANIA —GEORGINA BOLE KING

Harbor of the Glad Returning

Cleopatra, in her palace
Shading eyes with jeweled hands,
Watched her treasure ships returning
With the spoils from distant lands.

She heard singing, shouting, laughter,
As each sought its mooring place,
"Harbor of the glad returning,"
Said the queen, with smiling grace.

Hearts, like ships, sometimes need shelter
From wild storms and rude alarms.
May my heart find "glad returning"
In the haven of your arms.

FLORIDA —LAURA M. GRADICK

Sea Madness

I thought I should find peace, that having had
Adventure, I should find the quiet walls
Of this sweet room a gentle biding place.
But, inland, I still hear the throaty calls

Of fog-horns and feel the pulsing boards
Beneath my heart. No sirens ever led
Sailors to rocks more surely than the sea
Entices me to sail its foamy bed.

The gray, salt waves still surge within my blood,
Submerging by their wild, incessant lips
My cool integrity, until I rise
Half-crazed by this impassioned love of ships.

About me stretches land inviolate,
And sturdy houses in the valley hover
In friendliness. Yet they can ill appease
A heart which wants a ship's mast high above her

MICHIGAN —RUTH GENEVIEVE VAN HORN

Admission

Sometimes I think my heart will break
Because I can not reach as high
As grey-winged herons do in flight,
Or find a word blue as the sky.

I can not point a lemon star,
Or think of words as frail as lace;
Or capture copper from the moon,
Or paint the wonder of your face.

Sometimes I think my heart will break
That I can never, never find
Words beautiful enough to sing
The secret music of my mind.

INDIANA —HARRIETT SCOTT OLINICK

The Stream Runs Free

Indifferent to late November gloom
The stream runs free beneath the overhanging
Rock and fern-bright ledges; the stony banks
Are mossed to gaiety, the cascades foam
In scattered laughter, forget-me-not and musk
Rejoice beside still pools of beaten metal,
A mirror held to dawn and sun and moon.

I cannot bear that frost should come and end
This loveliness! For once, O gods, be kind,
Depart from rule, let sterile winter know
Defeat and fertile spring succeed to autumn!

CANADA —FRANCES R. ANGUS

Hokku

LARGESS

Rain tinkles against
My window, like silver flung
From a spendthrift sky.

ALAS!

There is no answer
To empty rooms and loneliness....
Close the sagging door.

ASPIRATION

A small puddle
May reflect a sky scraper....
Until a stone falls.

EXTROVERTS

Sparrows are noisy
Because they feel very small
Against the chimney.

MICHIGAN —MURIEL JEFFRIES HURD

I Shall Find Beauty

I have rare faith, I hold no mean despair,
That I shall wander down some pleasant path
One day when winter's chill is in the air
And find what I believe no wanderer hath.
Again when autumn harvests have been reaped
Leaving the level pasture bare and green,
I think upon the earth there will be heaped
What other eyes than mine have never seen.

When there is windy silence in the wood,
No note shall echo from a singing bird,
My ear alone in quiet rapturous mood
Will gather what no other ear has heard.
Some day when it is cried, "Beauty is gone."
I shall find Beauty isolate, alone.

GEORGIA —SAWNEY ROWE

Moments in Music

Andantino

Cold fingers grope through night
Along stone walls;
They tremble, lost, in fright—
A screech-owl calls:

Allegretto

Then suddenly the rain
Pounds empty street
And sweeps across the plain
In quick retreat:

Andante

The moon sways above grey cloud;
Bright crystals shine,
With which the rain endowed
The lonely pine.

NEBRASKA —KEITH THOMAS

Eternal Dream

Because I have no claim upon you now—
Shall never have— I paint a dream at will
And tread an upward road which you endow
With hallowed lights that burn upon the hill.
Because no one possesses you or dares
To look with carnal greed upon your pride
You are a youthful Mary, one who cares
For those whom life has bruised and crucified.

And yet, Beloved, life can never touch
Your loveliness, or time remove your grace;
You have become immune from those who clutch
At fleeting things which racking years erase;
Because of this I paint a lasting dream
And tread a road where sacred visions gleam.

VIRGINIA —CRAIG SCOTS ROMAINE

At Leaf-Fall

The evergreens make immortality
Seem immanent, with darkling secrets blown
On every wind—a ceaseless antiphon
Of the unseen and ageless. There may be
More steadfastness in hemlocks—yet to me
The spendthrift elms, with golden leafage thrown
Haphazard to November gales, alone
Are fellowlike in their inconstancy.

I feel a kinship with these trees that know
Mutation—the keen ecstasy of spring,
Mad with new wine; summer, with poppied breath,
Adream in noonday slumber; the brave glow
Of autumn's pealing trumpets, preluding
Snow-muffled dirges after flaming death.

OREGON —OTTO FREUND

Old Trees

Old trees have gathered stillness through the years:
Life's swift relentless lash that drives the crowd
Hither and yon, to laughter or to tears,
Has left old trees unhurried. They are proud
To sift long shadows with green finger-tips,
Smother small bird-talk, pull the twilight down
And wear it like a girdle for the hips
Or higher, with one white star for a crown.

Old trees have played the host so many days
To winds, and wings, and broken-hearted men
They are good listeners. They do not praise,
Nor blame, but fold the heart in silence. Then
Why bring to men our wordless agonies?—
Let us slip out and take them to the trees.

CALIFORNIA —HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER

Low Fire

The yellow-fingered fire,
Desiring and passionate,
Plucks at the heavy lyre
Of the black grate.

In this clustered hour
Through this strange room
Pale glows of evening shower
Like a dried bloom.

From twilight's faint furnishings
Now peers a spy
Still as in chambers of kings,
With a grave red eye.

NORTH CAROLINA —ANDREW HEWITT

English 408

Books held only black words,
Trailing endlessly over the pages.
Outside in the pines were birds,
And white clouds far, far beyond.
The class, warm and a little crowded,
and always tired at 11 o'clock,
Settled and stretched and yawned,
Powdered noses, or hitched up trouser knees.

One hour until lunch.

Then Robertson came in,
A little fidgety man, in plain light suit,
and glasses.
He wasn't much older than most of us,
and much younger than some.
He looked us over, and he, too,
stared out at the window.
The pines were very soft and feathery.
"We will depart," he said,
"From the usual routine today—"
He picked up a volume of Lindsay,
And read to us. We forgot
Whether we were in a class-room
Or in some other sphere.
"Then I saw the Congo—"
We felt the fever and madness,
We felt the fear and pain,
The terrible wild beauty,
The weird witch-men's songs—
"Mumbo-Jumbo will hoodoo you."
Then we saw the Congo,
"Creeping through the black,
Cutting through the jungle
With a golden track."
The golden sunlight of that far land
Flared around us, hot and still,
Gilding the rolling river and the thick dark trees,
Making a path of light.

He told us about the fog, and we forgot
how hot the weather was,
And shivered a little, there in Language Hall.
Then he brought us home, very gently,
With " *'Spring came on forever,*
Spring came on forever,'
Said the Chinese nightingale."

The bell rang for lunch,
But nobody heard it.

FLORIDA —MARGARET MATTHEWS

Airy Nothings

And I divorce me from the hackneyed real!
Let state and fortune go to saner men.
Yes, let them have it all—and let me think
My foolish thoughts.
For mine the cordial feel
Of swift, intangible tools to ply and tink
At poet's dreams, and printers' ink.

And if these airy nothings ever act
By some chicane on minds of shrewder men,
I think they may be drafted into fact.
But fact is real!
So much the better then;
The wise will prate, the fools will dream again.

GEORGIA —LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

Dust

I met an old man, brown as rust,
He laughed as he ate his frugal crust
And then he went upon his way
And no one saw him from that day
When he pointed his finger, thumb upthrust
To the wind that was lifting the summer dust.

CALIFORNIA —FRANCES ELLIOTT

Covenant

Sycamore and juniper,
Alder, oak and silver fir,
Have their method and their reason
For providence in seeding season;
Have agreement with the wind
That certain branches shall be thinned;
And a contract with the stream
To fulfiill an autumn dream
Of giant forests, ages hence,
To be a mountain's recompense
For storm and drought, decay and fire,
And man's primeval roof-desire.

Maple, hickory and pine
Have aspirations much like mine,
And a passion for the duty
Of perpetuating beauty;
Here a cone and there a seed,
According to the chemic need
Of valleys vibrant with the sound
Of rivers running underground.

The only difference I can see
Is how the singing seeds go free:
This an arrow, that a rocket,
Seeking winter's leaf-lined pocket;
This a feather, that a wing;
Mine a rhythmed word to swing
Out across the world and find
A fertile crevice in the mind.

CALIFORNIA ——WINIFRED GRAY STEWART

Rain Phantasy

The rain is beating a rhumba,
And slender,white limbed trees
Dance the carioka.

CALIFORNIA —CAMILLE DU BARRY

White Lamp

A pale robed woman rides a milk white deer
Under a canopy of velvet snow:
And sheds a gentle crystalizing glow
Around the hour that has not brought you here.
A gentle light, but radiently clear,
Revealing truths I had not sought to know;
She strips your wilting flowers, and through the flow
Of bitter passions sheds no smile nor tear.

She holds a lotus pipe of pungeant dreams,
A lovely cynic set in teak and golds.
Her stag enchanted only sees her face
Forgotten all his loves on Nara's streams,
But she is blind to him, her heart enfolds
A love betrayed in some forsaken place.

FLORIDA —E. ERNEST MURRELL

Autumn Trees

The wind has struck a sharper string
To rasp my whispered murmuring.

The leaves I can no longer hold—
Mature, and brown, and drab, and gold,
Vermilion, maroon, cerise—
Awake with vague disquietude
And wildly whirl as if pursued
By rancorous Eumenides.

Why do you blanch and tremble so—
Is it from grief that you must go?

For I, though winter strip me bare,
Shall not regret and shall not care.
This green and russet furbelow
Is trivial when I can wear
Snow.

OHIO —WALTER BENTON

Trees

My heart is stirred by the sight of fine old trees
That wear bright coronets in early spring;
Whose branches sway with every passing breeze,
Green havens for a brown or scarlet wing.
And slender trees that walk around the edge
Of waters, peering in the depth below,
Or stunted ones upon a rocky ledge
Undaunted by the fiercest gales that blow.

Wide canopies of green, or barren limbs
That write strange hieroglyphics on the sky;
No summer heat or chill or winter dims
The glory that is theirs. And then a cry
Comes, muted by the years, from Calvary....
And I remember Christ died on a tree.

OHIO —VIRGINIA EATON

Harmony

Though the earth has many motions,
Faster here and slower there,
May I match my soul to rhythm,
So in harmony I fare
Forth to meet each day's dicordance—
Drop to sleep all unaware
That a dissonance of heart-beats
May bring woe beyond compare.

GEORGIA —LILLIAN M. PIERCE

Sycamores

Spcamores
Are River Priests
Chapeling deep waters,
Whispering:
"Life, death, peace——God."

TENNESSEE —ALICE CATHEY

Naked Tree

I saw no beauty in a naked tree
Undressed of leaves and standing starkly so,
Until one winter day I chanced to be
Upon a brown-seared plain where sand-winds blow
And there I saw a tall bare tree, alone—
A yellow sky beyond—the grass windblown.

A tree with penciled limbs against the sky
Is like worn, slender hands that one may read,
A woman's hands grown old and withered dry
In service given for a life-time's need,
With unsuspected beauty in their bones—
Their silence fraught with poignant overtones.

TEXAS —DOROTHY CALLAWAY

Jeanne D'Arc Speaks

All night the vivid patern of my dreams
Are flames that leap and glow!
All day the Voices call—and I must go
To crown a king at Rheims.

How bitter to the taste—the dust of dreams,
Like ashes in an urn.
And yet—though flames shall leap and faggots burn—
I crowned a king at Rheims!

VIRGINIA —FLORENCE WILSON ROPER

Hills of The Desert

Like famine-stricken wolves they crouch on the skyline;
Their ribs showing bonily under their greyish-yellow skin.
Gaunt and savage they watch us hungrily,
And wait.

CALIFORNIA —GIEN ESSE

Shakespeare

Wearied by clash of cults—by futile strife
Over unnumbered trivialities
Of art—outraged by shallow eulogies
Of verse that is mere blatancy of fife
And drum—we seem to see the breath of life
Falter on beauty's lips. We seem to see
That helpless pitious victim, poetry,
Bound, gagged, and prone beneath the critic's knife.

Then—in our grey despair we turn to you,
O dear dead Master! Wordy wars abate.
We feel that visioned victim breathe and stir.
You teach us how to play, to plead, to woo,
Poet without a peer—man's advocate,
Spokesman, apologist, interpreter.

CALIFORNIA —JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

The Dance of the Trees

Last night the wind blew,
And the trees were glad.
At first they reached out slim fingers,
Joined hands, and bowed in stately dances,
Whispering softly.

But later, when black clouds shut off the stars,
And the wind came with a wild roar;
They danced madly—like yokels or savages—
They shrieked with rude laughter, and stamped—
They grappled each other, struggling.
Today, one, the great poplar,
Lies broken—uprooted—dying.
The other trees stand motionless,
Mourning—bewildered and ashamed.

COLORADO —EVELINE NUTTER

On Seeing an Original Poe Manuscript

The thrill was one I'd never hoped to know—
To ever see a manuscript of Poe!
But there it was—as if my dearest friend,
Long given up for lost, had come to spend
A presious hour with me, and to once more
Confide in me about his lost Lenore.
Ah, Pegasus, you never looked more proud,
Than when your noble head you gladly bowed,
To let this master genius guide the rein,
That he might thrill and chill and entertain.
I searched again, to read, when I got home,
Those lines about "the grandeur that was Rome."

CALIFORNIA —CARROLL VAN COURT

Uncertain Parley

We scan the stronghold of the sun,
The stars' resplendent pantheon,
For signal of some bright defense
Against our frail inconsequence.
The battlements above disclose
No banners pledged to interpose—
Or do we miss with eyes minute
The magnitude of their salute?

CALIFORNIA —IRENE WILDE

Grandmothers

The leafless trees
Are old, old women,
Knitting the white fleece clouds
In their crooked fingers;
As they nod over memories
Of half-forgotten summer days.

KANSAS —LOU AGNES REYNOLDS

When God Made Trees

"There is no beauty without trees
In height of land—
Only the grandeur, grim and horrible,
Of sharpened crags,
The wheeling vulture's lonely cry."

So must the God of Living Things
Have reasoned when
He made brave Evergreens
To grip the mountain-side
With horny knees, to point
Forever on and upward
Fearlessly.

Broad Oaks He made
To bear the weight of centuries,
Their saplings rising slim and tall
Like colts in pasture
Close beside their dams,

And Olive Trees
To linger in Gethsemane,
Still twisted with His agony who knelt
Beneath them long ago
To pray.

"There is no beauty without trees
In depth of land—
Only a flat, absymal waste
Of sameness
Pitiful, and charred with bones."

So must the God of Living Things
Have reasoned when
He made the Willow Trees
To shed their tender leaves like tears
Upon old graves
And into streams that flow
Unhurriedly through Time.

Birches He made
To yeild the Red Man swift canoes
For water-skimming, and to guard
Like ghostly warriors
A happy hunting ground,

And stately palms
To welcome desert caravans
With waving fronds, or lend
The music of their whispering
To moonlight southern shores.

MICHIGAN —DOROTHY WHELESS ANDERSON

The Castle that Did Not Fall

Fifty years ago I built
A castle in the air
And then I wore a shining wreath
Upon my golden hair.

Now I wear a crimson rose
Against my silver braïd
And dance within the castle walls
That I securely made.

TEXAS —BUENA SOWELL

Autumn Moon

Do you know why the moon
Rises red on autumn nights;
Listen:
It brushes its face against red and amber leaves,
Raking its way up thru the hills and trees,
Beginning its flight.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —JOHN ALLEN HEATH

FOUR POEMS

Spare The Hills

Tread softly on this earth
Lest you hurt the wide hills
And leave deep footprints
To bleed on the far horizons.

Passion

Lost in the dark of a starless sky,
A tree blazed and tossed unseen
In the darkened air—flung hot leaves
To the cold black ground.

The Singer and the Song

You are the singer of a song
I soon shall know—

A wild repeated note,
A heart-stricken yearning,
As if some swift bird bore cries
Away from a bright shore,
And in the after silence
The dark waters wept.

Firebrand

Let this be the last time
That love lifts me upward;
All fire and laughter, swirling
And leaping as a jagged light—
Let me lie deep in cool white waters,
Plunge me down countless crystal miles.

GEORGIA —FRANCES FORBES

On a Gray Day

At Notre Dame on a gray day
There are wet paths, dull classes, dripping trees;
Behind Holy Cross, plain white tombs
Drenched clean; and in the grayness,
High above her own, Lady stands
Compassionately golden. Heart,
What do you mean by echoing,
Echoing always, "How sad...how good."

INDIANA —LOUIS HASLEY

The First Reading Lesson

I saw gold letters flash across
A purple sky today
And tried to read the words they spelled
But they all ran away!

I could not see the hand that moved
In brightness like a flame,
Yet I am sure that it was God
Who wrote His holy name.

ALABAMA —KATE PORTER LEWIS

To a Student Nurse

Maintain the dream
That lives in your clear eyes;
There is no breeze or meadowland
When that light dies.

Give all to dreams,
For dreams alone are real,
And angels paint the eastern sky
When dreamers kneel.

MASSACHUSETTS —MICHAEL LARGAY

Barter

dear husban':

I thought I'd write
a letter
to tell you
I is well
an' doin' well.

But I is worried down wid waitin' ....

Winter
is movin' in—
an' I
is movin' out—
can't pay
de rent—
mus' leave
f'm heah
dis comin'
Sat'd'y week.

De chillun mighty thin—
at night
dey cry
fo' vict'ls.

De chillun got no shoes—
dey foots
plum on
de groun'.

De fros' done kilt de turnip greens ...

Times is got so tight
de white folks skrimpin' too
an' now
dey totes de pantry keys ..

You says you doesn't on'erstan'
how come I hasn't 'ceived
dat money.

Let me 'splain de reason why
I hasn't 'ceived de money—
It's jus' because
it nevah is been sont . . . . . .

You says
you longs to see me—
I says
you gwin'er long wo'ser 'n dat . . . .

Answer me dis question, man,
Is you expectin' me
to come whar you is at
when I ain't got no cash?

Den how?

Folks out heah ain't givin' 'way
no rail road tickets yet.
I sho' don't aim to walk
two hund'd miles or mo'
to set my eyes
on *you* . . . . . .

Listen—
triflin', lyin' nigger—
I doesn't want Jim Boon
nor Jonah Richards
narry one—
But I mus' make
some 'rangements soon
'bout me
an' my chillun . . . .
Yo' lovin' wife,
Liza Lou.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —IRMA NABORS JOHNSON

EDITOR'S SALON

(Continued From Page Two)

"At the same time it is a curious thing that poets are the only artists in the modern world who loathe work so bitterly that they can scarcely bring themselves to admit its existence. The novelists, the painters, and even the musicians, have all shown their appreciation of work. Iistening to some modern music with your eyes shut, indeed, you would find it difficult to tell whether you were in a concert hall or a factory.

'It must be conceded to the poets that they have not quite the same objection to work if it is in the country or at the seaside. They like farmers and plowmen and fishermen well enough; but that may be because farmers and plowmen and fishermen remind them of lazy country walks and holidays. Maurice Hewlett in 'The Song of the Plow,' and Miss Victoria Sackville-West in 'The Land,' are honorable exceptions who seem to me to show a genuine liking for work in their verse."

Vergil and Hesiod, he admits, regarded the workers of their day —the farms and their shepherds—and so he contends "surely the man in the iron foundry or the ship-builder is as noble a figure as any farmer or shepherd who was ever praised in Greece or Italy."

Mr. Lynd turns an ear to Wordsworth's "The Leech Gatherer," and pits against him a shop-walker—"an infinitely more dignified figure."

Then he suggests a Clyde engineer, or a Sheffield silversmith, or a printer. Going on:

"If I were a poet I should write a poem about printers. There are few things that give me more pleasure than to see printers working, and the harder the better. I like, indeed, to make their work as hard as possible. Like the village blacksmith, the printer who has handled my copy may be said to have earned a night's repose.

"I am not sure, however, that all the workers of the world would be as appreciative as they ought to be if the poets began to tell them what fine fellows they are and how they envied them their jobs. Walt Whitman exclaims in one of his poems: 'O to work in the mines, or forging iron!' If I were a miner, that kind of thing would merely irritate me, and I should doubt the sincerity of a vagabond poet who said 'O to work in the mines!' and yet never applied for a miner's job.

"Walt Whitman was very fond of O-ing about the joys of other people's work. He could not think of a farmer without exclaiming:

O the farmer's joys! . . . .
To rise at peep of day and pass forth nimbly to work.

'What he really meant, I suspect, was:

O the poet's joys!

(Continued on Page Fifty)

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

Because no major country in the world has done so little for her poets as America, a corporation to be known as the Academy of American Poets has been organized, to receive donations with which to create a trust fund to endow "fellowships" for "poets of proven merit." These "Fellows" must be American citizens, "not possessed of a regular income in excess of $5,000 a year, and no holder of a fellowship may engage in any gainful occupation other than such as may be approved by a majority of the Chancellors as not incompatible with poetic production." The same individual may receive such fellowships for successive years without limit. There will be twelve governing Chancellors. For further information, write to Mrs. Hugh Bullock, director (it was she who sent me the datum), 435 East 52nd St., New York City. . . . Another, less pretentious, group working for amelioration of conditions confronting a vast army of unemployed and indigent creative writers, and certainly this includes many poets, in the Writers' Union, which endeavors to take up the struggle where the Government left off. Painters, musicians and actors have been helped by the Government's recent program, but the supreme artists, poets, were curiously neglected. In the Autumn issue of *The Latin Quarter-ly* Robert Whitcomb gives a history and prospectus of the Writers' Union.

The Poetry Society (Inc.) or as we call it here, the Poetry Society of England, through its president, Commander Carlyon Bellairs, is building up a Poetry Library at its headquarters in the heart of literary London. The American section is well but thinly represented; donations of books, by individuals or publishers, will be gratefully acknowledged if sent to the director and editor, Chevalier Galloway Kyle, 36, Russell Square, London, W.C.I. . . . The Catholic Writers Guild of America officially opened its Book Center and Reference Library during an interesting week of talks by prominent poets and writers, at its headquarters, 128 West 71st St., New York, Nov. 18-24. This new department of the Guild supplies the writer, the reader and the clergy with a common meeting ground for discussion of literary

problems..... *The Author's and Writer's Who's Who,* a literary reference work and editor's and publisher's guide, is in course of compilation by E. D. Martell and others (Shaw Ppb. Co., Ltd., 6, Carmelite St., E.C.4, London) on this side of the Atlantic, Irl Morse is busy on material for *American Poets' Directory* (Cabin in the Pines, Akeley, Minn.) .....A new volume of *The National Cyclopedia of American Biography* is under way, and will include some of your poet friends (Geo. Derby, managing editor, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.).

It is rumored that a Christmas gift to Dom Placid will be the Poet Laureatship of North Carolina. Fr. Placid is critic of the N. C. Poetry Society, author of five books of verse (have you ordered a copy of his latest, *From the Hid Battlements,* pub. by Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho?), and is Prof. of English at Belmont Abbey College. ..... John Steven McGroarty, Poet Laureate of California, beloved columnist of "Seen from the Green Vendugo Hills" in the *Los Angeles Sunday Times,* and historian of the old California Missions, is Democratic Congressman from the Eleventh California District, replacing stand-pat Hoover Republican W. E. Evans. Congress needs a few poets. Who writes a nation's songs is a more important matter than as to who makes its laws.

On November 8th Persia celebrated the millenary of the birth of her greatest epic poet, Firdausi. John Drinkwater represented British letters at this thousandth anniversary. In New York the day was commemorated jointly in a fete by the American Institute for Persian Art, the Metropolitan Museum, Columbia University and the New York Public Library.....The year 1935 will mark the twentieth centenary of the birth of Horace, the great poet having been born in 65 B.C.

My favorite character in fiction," declares Humbert Wolfe, "is Ulysses, because to the best of my belief he does not appear in the book of that name by James Joyce."..... Heine's sole payment for his first book of poems was thirty free copies. At least they were free. ... Harriet Monroe went to China, recently, for four months. Some of her contributors to *Poetry* have been at sea for a score of years. .... I hear Parker Tyler has compiled an anthology of utter modernistic stuff which he calls *Modern Things.* Honest Parker, not even pretending they're poems, just "things." .....Seymore G. Link has given up his teaching post at Limestone College, S. C. and when he called on me in Washington, in mid-September, was hoping soon to get married

and to become U. S. Consul or something at Panama. Meanwhile he was peddling carpet cleaners. ....Henry Leach, editor of *Forum*, was made president of the Poetry Society of America, though his name was not even on the ballots sent to non-New Yorkers. Recently he wrote an editorial for his magazine, pleading for more parks as a way to overcome the crime wave. Then he took a stroll in Central Park and was there clubbed to insensibility and robbed. ....William Griffith has been made an honorary member of the New York Browning Society..... Louise Creshaw Ray remains president of the P. S. of Alabama..... Whielaw Saunders has been elected pres. of the P. S. of Kansas..... George Dillon now lives in Richmond, Va. .. The home of Nathaniel Hawthorne when consul at Liverpool is being converted into an apartment house. .... Add to your list of instructors in verse-writing the name of Anne Hamilton, 345 S. Orange Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.... . Nathalia Crane, the child prodigy poet of a few years ago, is now 21 and about to be married. John Warwick Daniel, III, poet of Washington, D. C., was married on Oct. 31st to Miss Sara Virginia Buckley. . ... Miss Stella Marie ("Babsi") Marinoni and Lloyd Melton no relation to your editor), both undergrads at the Univ. of Arkansas, were married in October at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fort Smith. "Babsi" is the only daughter of beautiful Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni, Poet Laureate of the Arkansas Federation of Womens Clubs. Mrs. Marinoni still broadcasts weekly ("Down the Gipsy Trail") over Station KUOA Fayetteville, Ark. A. M. Sullivan has resumed his Monday evening broadcast of verse, over WMCA, New York, at 7:15-30 E. S. time. .... Hester Walker Beal recently read some of Caroline Giltman's poems from WJSV, Alexandria, Va. She reads well, which can not be said of many poets.

Don't forget the $25 prize offered by *Wings* (930 Ogden Ave., N. Y. C.) for the best poem dealing with some phase of the dilemma of modern civization; poems not over 50 lines to be sent to Contest Editor before Jan. 1. *Literature Across the Footlights* offers the third annual international prize for the best statement in prose or verse, not exceeding 300 words, of what Edwin Markham's poems mean to the contestant. Entries must be in by Feb. 10, sent to Mrs. Ida Benfry Judd, 410 Central Park West, N. Y. C.; the prize, $83, will be awarded at Mr. Markham's eighty-third birthday party, April 23, 1935.

Adelaide Love is to be luncheon hostess, in December, to Gertrude.

Basket and Pepys will be with the Stein and, possibly, Alice B. Toklas. ..... Speaking of eccentric vocabularies, Sigmund Spaeth, Mus.D., in The New Yorker quotes the chorus of Baron Ireland's "ungrammatical song to end ungrammatical songs" (Edward B. Marks Music Corp.):

> If I had of knew what I'd ought to of knew,
> I'd never have did what I done,
> If I had of saw we was breaking God's law,
> I'd never of kissed you in fun.
> I thought love was glad, didn't mean to be bad,
> But the passions we had druv the both of us mad.
> But if I had of knew what a fool would of knew,
> I'd never of did what I done.

with no dues, no meeting places, but simply the signing by members of a poet's pledge, ten worthy resolutions to which every lover of poetry

J. A. K. Combs, of Honolulu, has organized The Real Verse League, would loyally adhere. The ninth pledge is: "I stand formly against all pay-as-you-enter proposals and shall not patronize any." ..... During December Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent are giving poetry recitals at Wichita Falls and other places..... Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit are to be the central figures in a memorial to Joel Chandler Harris being erected in Georgia's Piedmont Park with funds now being raised by a state-wide subscription campaign..... Magda Brandon has a beautiful lyric, "Someone—Somewhere," both words and music hers, published by the Boston Music Co. (40c). She is also represented in *On Wings of Song*, a book for schools, paper-bound (Hall-Mack Co., 21st & Arch Sts., Philadelphia). .. Clara Leiser, 7 Park Ave., N. Y. C., is at work on a biography of William Ellery Leonard, and would welcome letters and anecdotes. .. Elmo Russ and Henry Harrison are giving programs of poems set to music. Mr. Russ's recitals at Aeolian Hall, New York, have attracted much favorable attention.

Miss Tooni Gordi (care *The Spinners*, 67 St. Marks Place, N. Y. C.) is compiling *Contemporary American Women Poets* ..... Patrick D. Moreland (no relation to John R.) has won the Fourth Book Publication Contest sponsored by *Kaleidograph*. Pat's book, *Slumber at Noon* ("sleepin' in the sun"?) will naturally, be issued by Kaleidograph Press, Dallas ($1.50) .... An interesting pot-pourri of essays and reviews is Marie Tello Phillips' *More Truth Than Poetry* (Obser-

ver Pub. Co., Pittsburgh) ..... Robert L. Dark, Jr. has completed a sequence of nearly eighty very torrid sonnets, *Suns Set at Dawn,* now in Covici-Friede's hands .....And Grady M. Long of Chattanooga has recently finished a long Long poem which, I hear, is a masterpiece ..... Milton Harvey sends me a brochure af pleasant verses, *Twice a Baker's Dozen,* printed by my old friends of *Contemporary Verse* days, the Margate Press, of Margate, N. J. Two Washington poets have books in the press: John Lee Higgins' third volume, *Gongs of Earth* (Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston, $2); Ramona Moore's first, *Branches Against the Sky* (Irl Morse, Akeley, Minn.,$1) ..... Berton Braley, prolific newspaper poet, has written his autobiography (Minton, Balch & Co.) .....Virginia Spates' *Enchanted Window* is scheduled for Dec. 1st (Kaleidograph Press). Also from the Dallas publishers is Vaida Stewart Montgomery's *A Century with Texas Poets and Poetry.* Edna Worthley Underwood has compiled and translated *The Poets of Haiti,* 1782-1934 (Mosher Press, Portland, Me., $4). ..... Do not fail to procure a copy of Stanton Coblentz's admirable new book, *The Merry Hunt and Other Poems* (Bruce Humphries, $2).

A word of praise for LoVerne Wilson's "Comment" section in *Westward* (545 Sansome St., San Francisco). .....*The Centaur* has moved to 1614 Eye St., N. W., Washington, D. C. ..... Did you see the second anniversary number of James Neill Northe's "Warp and Woof" in the Oct. 18th Ontario, Calif., *Herald?* And do you send verse for reprint to "Current Versemakers on Parnassus," an unusually good column, with biographical note or comment, selected by Hope Ridings Miller, every Monday in the *Washington* (D. C.) *Post?* And did you know Irl Morse and others have resumed "Poetry of Today," a weekly section of poetry and reviews in the *Hubbard County Journal* (Minn.)? And are you reading the remarkably interesting column by Robin Lampson, "The Poetic Viewpoint," in the Berkley, Calif., *Courier?*

I have overstepped my space. So only this line, to wish you all a blessed Christmas and bright New Year.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

FROM BAMBOO GLADE AND LOTUS POOL, by Robert Wood Clack, (Banner Press, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia.)

Poetry lovers familiar with free and literal translations of Chinese Verse will welcome this effort of a poet to give to his translation rhyme and rhythm and thus produce a musical effect which all Chinese poetry should have.

If the translation of a poem is not poetry in the language into which it is translated it is robbed of its intrinsic being. In translating these poems Robert Wood Clack has given a poet's interpretation, thereby achieving something beyond anything done before. Since it is impossible, however, to produce in English rhyme effects similar to those in Chinese verse, the poet has at times sacrificed literalness for rhyme. The result does not always justify the sacrifice.

Reflection and self analysis, so prevalent in Chinese writings are admirably portrayed in this work. With a flexible technique and an absense of modernistic eccentricities the book should have a wide appeal.

—MARIE ANNEBERG

HARP OF LIFE, by Geogiana Bole King; the Galleon Press, New York, $2.00.

The Galleon Press may well be proud to present Mrs. King's second volume of verse. The range of her subject matter and the variety of forms are sure to appeal to a wide circle of readers. This poet sings beautifully of beauty.

LITTLE TOWNS, by Heriette Clarke; Poetry Publishers, Philidelphia; $2.00.

This Nova Scotia poet is also an artist. Her pictures are true to life, whether they appear on canvass or on the printed page. "Men Fishing" is specially appealing.

LAND OF THE SINGING RIVERS, by Maria Bricoe Croker; Oglethorpe University Press, Oglethorpe University, Ga. $1.50.

We are proud of this latest book from our local press. It is a lovely book of interesting poems, several of which I had the priviledge of accepting for publication in Versecraft and Bozart. Maryland is the "Land of the Singing Rivers," and this state, which has just celebrated her ter-centenary, is proud of her gifted daughter, recently selected to be Registrar of the National League of American Pen Women.

—W. F. M.

SHANGHAI DAYS AND NIGHTS, by Tug, (The Willow Lantern Press, Shanghai). A little book of amusing rimes that deals, for the most part, with the U. S. Marines and their hilarious escapades in the Far East. A few of the verses strike a deeper note, however, suggesting the author's ability as a real poet.

—MINNIE BELLE BALLARD

Prize Awards

"The Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize, of $25.00, presented by Cora Smith Gould for the best poem published in the September-October issue of BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE, has been awarded by popular ballot, to Edith Fulton, Brooksville, Florida, for her poem, "Two Seasons." Close seconds are "Cedars," by Anderson M. Scruggs of Georgia; "Low Country Rivers," by Louise Crenshaw Ray, of Alabama; and "Hushed Valley," by Benjamin Musser, of Washington D. C. and New Jersey. Third place, "Telegraph Wires," by Otto Freund. Highly complimentary votes were received by Estelle Thompson, Virginia Doss, Richard Leon Spain, Kate Fort Codington, Frances Davis Adams, Winnie Lynch Rockett, Charlotte G. Benas, Fay Lewis Noble, Marguerite Hoffman, Lulu P. Aiken and Merle Beynon.

Other Prize Awards

Arthur Truman Merrill, Secretary-Treasurer of the League of Western Writers, Inc., Portland, Oregon, writes as follows:

"I have decided upon Louise Creshaw Ray as the recipient of the prize of CLOVER BREATH for the September-October issue of BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE. Close rivals are 'October Winds,' by Virginia Doss; 'October in Oklahoma,' by Ester Holcomb; 'Nature's Ensemble,' by Arthur Pope and 'Silence,' by Josephine Johnson. In fact it seems to me that there is no great disparity in most of the poems included in the magazine. It maintains a level of excellence."

Adrian Huffman, Editor of THE AGENDA MAGAZINE awards an autographed copy of his ATONEMENT'S OFFERING, to Amy Smyth, Salem, Virginia, for her poem, "Song of the Wind and Forest." Editor Huffman adds, "The following is a list of poems I like almost equally well: 'To a Poplar Tree,' by Kate Fort Codington; 'Sobbing Pines and Resin Stains,' by Winnie Lynch Rockett; 'Someday,' by Merle Beynon; 'Swiftly Flowing,' by Florence Burrill Jacobs; 'Fugitives,' by Marguerite E. Hoffman; 'Grief,' by Richard Leon Spain.

John Milton Smither, 3224 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo., Instructor in the Technique of Poetry, offers as a prize his new book, POETRY PATERNS— Silent Instructor of Verse Writing, consisting of four semesters, eight patterns each, arranged in conformity with the Westport community Center Poetry Class, of Kansas City, Missouri, for the best poem published in the March-April issue of BOZART, conforming to the following "Poetry Pattern":

ENCHANTED NIGHT

The stars
Twinkle
Brilliantly,
And the moon
Is opal.
Filtered light
Silvers the dome
Of the
Night-sky.

It will be noticed that this poem contains the nine "magic" feet of poetry, namely; Iambus, Trochee, Dactyl, Anapest, Amphibrach, Amphimacer, Choriamb, Pyrrhic, Spondee.

This prize carries with it the privilege of class registration with full and complete examination and criticism of the Prize Winner's work. If the contestants for this prize wish to vary the order of the feet in this Pattern they are at liberty to do so.

Reunion, Sons of Confederate Veterans

Bugle:

Here comes the flag that my father fought;
But he taught his son to love it
And to place no other above it.

Kettledrum and fife:

He thought when he fought that he fought for the right;
He thought when he taught that he taught for the right;
I think he was right when he thought he was right;
So, "Bonny Blue Flag," goodnight, goodnight!

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

Piano Girl

White butterflies,
Your hands upon the keyboard flutter.
From the dark mahogany
They gather the purple pollen
Of song.
And as your eyes meet mine,
The fragrance of the melody
Breathes its meaning:
Love.

TENNESSEE —WILLIAM PATTERSON

Cold Night

The night is cld;
Cold, with the curious humming music
Of ice in the wind.
The gray shawl of the sky
Drops close to earth;
The moon is but a luminous echo
Which dies at birth.
Of light, of life, of warmth,
No trace.
Then suddenly, like little crystal dreams,
Snow flakes on my face!

TEXAS —CHARLENE UNDERWOOD

I've Watched the Willow Tree

I've watched the Willow Tree, deep-bowed
In sorrow, many years,
And how it bears so gracefully
Its grief, too deep for tears.

Oh, may I, if I ever know
A grief that sickens me,—
Make of it a beanteous thing,
As does this Willow Tree.

INDIANA —DAISY MOORE BYNUM

THE EDITOR'S SALON

(Continued from Page Forty)

To rise at peep of day, look out the bedroom window, see the farmer pass forth nimbly to work, then go back to bed again.

"Certainly, as a journalist, I should object strongly if a poet began shouting, 'O the journalist's joys!' at me and at the same time showed as marked a dislike to hardwork as most of the poets I have known.

"At the same time, we workers deserve far more appreciation from the poets than we get. We do more to keep the poets alive than all the robin redbreasts and lesser celandines in these islands. I do not want them to celebrate our joys, but let them at least celebrate our reckless industry, our eager morning rush to work, our reluctant evening departure from the day's labor.

"If they could bear the sight or even the thought of work for a single day, they would discover that tram conductors are just as beautiful as shepherds."

We recommend this editorial to those of our would-be contributors who send in "poems" that were "dashed off before breakfast this morning;" meanwhile, we shall be thinking of Tennyson, who spent days seeking the inevitable word; and of Thomas Gray, who devoted the spare time of eight years to polishing the lines of his Elegy.

An Oriental Looks At The Pragmatism Of America

American skyscrapers
touch
with rigid and feelingless fingers
the breasts
of the sky!

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS TEOFILO AGCAOILI

Plan for Awarding the Bi-Monthly "Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize" ($25.00)

To enable us to find out the type of verse the readers of this magazine like best, and to relieve the editor of the necessity of rendering a one-man decision, or of securing other judges, a detachable ballot is provided (see foot of this page). Please fill out this ballot and mail it to the editor not later than December 5. (The favor will be greatly appreciated if you kindly send with you ballot, the names and addresses of friends who are interested in poetry).

The Policy of This Magazine

We are pleased to consider real poems of any type whatsoever—usually not over 32 lines. We do not pay for individual poems, but we offer a number of substantial and attractive prizes.

Those who have manuscripts to submit would do well, first, to become familiar with the magazine. All manuscripts must be accompanied by stamps, or stamped, addressed return envelope.

The editor is especially pleased to discover new poets; he regrets, however, that he cannot undertake to criticize—gratis—any poems except those accepted for publication in this magazine.

"Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize" (Bi-Monthly, $25.00)

I cast my vote for .....

page ..... by ....., in the November-

December issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE.

(Signed) .....

Dr. W. F. Shallenberger, of Atlanta, husband of Laura Boyd Shallenberger, nationally known poet, and a dear friend of this editor's Johns Hopkins days—and since, offers a prize of $25.00 for the best sea poem published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. Harry G. Poole, prominent club woman of Atlanta, and a lover of the arts, offers a prize of $25.00 for the best lyric published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. This prize is to be known as "The Frank L. Stanton Memorial Prize." The judges are to be nationally known poets.